

The Rampage

by Rex

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Adventure, Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-07-01 09:00:00

Updated: 2001-01-29 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:56:17

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 12,345

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In his boyhood, he saw things many men never see. In his manhood, he started a war...prequel to Colin Creevey Versus The Apocalypse.

1. Scars of War

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> The Rampage

The Rampage

Chapter 1: Scars of War

* * *

> <p>"Fire!" said the commander, and Julius Kaiser fired his gun at the Union army. He ducked for cover, waiting for his next chance to shoot. He scratched his blonde hair.

The Union army kept the attack in check, firing back and charging. Julius fired once moreâ€"this time at the Union commanderâ€"sending the man to the ground.

"Good shooting!" called the Confederate commander. Julius reloaded his gun with ten shots; he had placed a charm on it so he had more shots than everyone else.

"Julie!" a man next to the tall fourteen year old boy called. Julius hated the nickname, but it was no time to elaborate. The young man stared at his bloody comrade, seeing the pain war caused. The ground was no longer green; it was red. "Save me..." the man said, his chest covered in blood. Julius looked down at his waist. His wand. It was hidden, but he knew it was there. And he could save the man. But would it be worth putting himself in danger? He thought quickly. Magic could not bring the dead back to life; it was something the boy knew and was now seeing.

—
_ "I can't," he said. "But you will be avenged..." _

Julius shrugged it off. Once more, the first battle was coming to him. That had been two years ago. The Civil War was over now. Long gone to some. It was 1865, in a small California town. He was eating his dinner with his family. It wasn't the best chicken he had ever tasted, but it certainly wasn't that bad. His parents had trained him in magic; he had never gone to a magic school. And it wasn't like his parents were bad. They just never talked about the past.

"This is good," his younger brother, Frederick, his only sibling, said. Julius's mother looked at him.

"It is," he said. Julius's father stared at him again. "What?"

"Oh, nothing," he said. Julius blinked for a few seconds, taking in everything that was around him. His father was a very pleasant man, though Julius was sure he held a secret.

There was a long silence at the dinner table. His father took a large bite out of his chicken, while Frederick cleaned his water with a water-cleaning charm their mother had taught them. Julius ate just a little more; he was still as skinny as he could be.

"Julie, can I have your chicken?" Frederick asked. He nodded. It was not unusual for Julius to speak little at dinner; he had become much more quiet since the Civil War had passed.

_ "Men, we're low on ammunition. You must save your fire," the commander said._

__ Julius tried to shake it off. He hated flashbacks.

_ The Confederate flag was torn. Julius gritted his teeth and led the charge, brave for his age._

—
Men fell around him. Julius took aim and fired, hitting the Union drummer boy. To die so young...he didn't want to think about it.

"Mother!" a man called out near Julius. He was crying. Julius took out his wand, muttered a few words, and pointed it at his rifle. He was unstoppable now.

The boy fired, knocking down the entire Union front line. The Union men had never noticed, not even stopped to think. Their bodies were full of blood, dark red. Julius took aim once more.

He fired.

A few men in the second line went down while others returned the fire. Three men next to him were down; Julius hated seeing the blood. Then he saw his hand...

—

__"Julius, eat your food," his father said. His father had seen war, too. It was not as Julius had seen it.

"May I be excused?" he asked. He didn't wait for an answer before leaving the table for the outdoors.

* * *

_"Mummy!" Julius called. He gritted his teeth. His hand was red. He would have to do a healing charm.__

--

__Julius began to breathe much faster. Exhale, he told himself. Inhale. His breathing sped once again.

__He was okay. His hand was fine. No longer wounded.__

--

__No, he thought to himself. He looked at his scarred hand.

__Julius walked around the camp; he had just joined the army. The group he was with was very experienced. Doc Jones (as he was called) was comforting a man yelling in pain.__

--

"Now, all we need you to do is bite this," he said, handing the man a bullet. He began to perform an amputation as the man yelled in terror.

--

__Bad memories. Bad memories. Julius walked around the small house, to the back.

_"Now, Mister Kaiser," Doc Jones said, looking at Julius's hand. "I thought you were wounded in battle.__"

--

Julius laughed. "Of course not. What are you talking about?"

"I swore..."

--

__It was the most light-hearted moment of the war, albeit the most shocking. He knew American Muggles could not tolerate witchcraft. He had to fight Doc Jones not only to save his secret, but himself.

__Julius looked at the small drummer boy, ready to die to save the South. He shrugged it off, aiming his gun at a Yankee. He missed. The small drummer boy was right next to him. Julius looked at the drum head. It was red. Blood.__

--

__"No!" Julius screamed.

"Mommy!" the boy cried. The boy fell to the ground.

—

"May you forever rest in peace," Julius said softly. The drummer boy nodded and closed his eyes for a last time. Julius turned his head from the solemn moment and began to concentrate once more on the fighting.

And the fight raged on. Men died. Men fought for what they believed in. For some it was preservation of the Union. For others it was states' rights or slavery. What was it for him? He had just left his family, and he had nowhere to go now. He understood homesickness now.

—

__Julius ran to the nearby creek, trying to escape the emotional scars. He closed his eyes, feeling his wand. He was special. But why did it bother him? He had spent two years with Muggles and had found it to his liking, though the only magic people he knew were his parents.

Oh no, the boy thought, running. The Union army was raiding the camp. We're dead.

—

"Stop, boy!" a man shouted. Julius never looked back. He continued running through the valley. Two soldiers followed him. Their navy blue uniforms were torn and battered. Julius turned back and fired two shots, hitting one.

—

__War. Was it just a word? Julius armed his wand, admiring its beauty. True, it was just a piece of cypress wood; but it was something special to him. He was special. He had a destiny. But he would never do great things in California.

"Julie, you're the best tactician in this group. We need you," the commander said. Julius shook his head.

—

"I know there's more to me. I just know it. I just need to find it," Julius said. He had been with the army for almost a year now.

"Okay. But it's been a pleasure to have you under my command, Mister Kaiser." Commander Williams held out his hand. Julius refused to shake it.

"Sir, no offense; but I have had the worst years of my life fighting this war. I feel as if I did it for no reason."

"Yes, we all wonder why..."

Julius left at that.

—
__Light flew from Julius's wand. He had made up the spell. It wasn't a light charm like he had been taught. This light was harmful, even deadly.

It came out in jagged, bright forms. Julius sometimes had to shield his eyes, for it was so bright. It was like lightning...

_"Mother, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to..." A fourteen year old boy looked at his mother with a look of innocence. His magic had just gone out of control again. No one knew what kind of spell it was. There was a large red hole in the wall, almost burning. Julius studied his mother's face. She was almost crying.__

—
"Why?" she said to no one. "Why does it have to be this way?"

—
__Julius stopped the light. He made a mental image of his mother in his head. Why did it have to be this way? Why were they always on the move? He thought he had an answer.

_"Oh, Susanna! Don't you cry for me! I'm going to Louisiana, with a banjo on my knee," sang Bill Foster over the campfire. Julius and the rest joined in with the popular tune as well. It was dark—the mosquitos were biting. Julius slapped three on his leg.__

—
"Dumb bugs," said Julius. The men broke into another round of song. They started singing something the boy Julius didn't know before Commander Jones stopped them.

"Men, we're going to move on tomorrow. I suggest you hit the sack early for your own good," he said. No one moved. "Understand?"

"Yes, Sir," said Bill. "We'll get to bed in a few minutes. Are we going to the front?" Bill wanted to fight.

"Perhaps. It just depends on the Yankees," replied the commander.

"Very well then. I guess we better get a move on," Bill said. Julius closed his eyes for a moment.

—
__It was the day before their first battle. They had hiked through the marshes of Louisiana before meeting the Union troops ninety miles from New Orleans.

Julius sat down on the dry, green land. He reached his hand into the creek, feeling the cold. He shivered. Cold, he thought, thinking the obvious. He smiled to himself.

"Oh, no!" Julius screamed as Bill Foster fell to the ground, clutching his leg.

—

"Shoot me now, kid. I'm dead as it is," his friend said. Julius stared at him, unable to speak.

"That's stupid."

"Get back with the fightin' then. You've got the South to save."

—

__Julius began to fall asleep. The sun fell just as his eyelids fell over his eyes. He began to see dark shades of red. It was another dream. But this one was different.

He was bald. He had a huge scar. He stared at the pathetic child in front of him: Colin Creevey. Was this the best Dumbledore had?

— —

__Julius almost immediately awoke. Who was Colin Creevey? Who was this powerful Dumbledore?

No time to worry, he told himself. Just let your thoughts take you. Julius went back to sleep.

He was still an adult now. But it was slightly different. He was still bald. He still had a huge scar over his forehead. He was surrounded by men in cloaks. The details were vague in his dream.

—

"Now, just watch," he heard himself explain. His adult self began to shoot lightning from his wand.

—

__Julius awoke again. He had to shake these strange dreams off. He had never had dreams like the one he had just had. It was different. Perhaps it was a warning, a sign. The boy went to sleep for the night.

* * *

It was a beautiful morning. The sun beat down on Julius, making his skin feel hotter. Julius jumped up and stretched. He had not had any nightmares that night.

"Julie, come on," whispered a man, Joe Boudreaux. Julius was accompanying him on a scouting mission, way down south in the Louisiana swamp. Julius waded his way the ten feet to meet Joe.

—

"I'm here," Julius said to Joe. It was a dark night, and all they had to see by was the light of the moon, only a quarter moon.

Joe was an especially skinny man. Julius knew this because he had seen Joe before, but only once. Otherwise, he would have never known unless he bumped into him.

"We're getting closer to the Yankee camp, Julie...come on, get going," Joe said to Julius. Julius obeyed, following his superior every inch of the way.

There was light at the end of the swamp, as it revealed a Yankee camp. Men were around the fire, cooking. There was no need to warm up. One would rather get colder at this point in time.

"I just wanna get home," a Yankee said. He was easily the fattest one there, with a belly to his waist and beyond.

"What do you think they're doing?" Julius whispered to Joe. Joe glanced at Julius.

"Shush," Joe told Julius. Julius obeyed. There was a buzzing sound near the ground, a mosquito that began to bite his leg. Julius slapped it. He slapped it loudly.

Too loudly.

The fat man looked over into the swamp, grabbing his gun. "Who's in there?" the man yelled to the swamp.

"What's going on?" asked a man next to the fat man. The fat stared intently at the swamp.

"There's someone in that swamp," the fat man said. "Come on, follow me." The fat man and his comrade began to walk into the swamp, slapping mosquitos and keeping a watchful eye, nearing ever so closer to Julius and Joe.

"What are we going to do?" Julius asked Joe. Joe looked at Julius. The moon began to rise higher in the cypress trees, and the two could see each other much better.

"Run," said Joe. "Tell them the Yankees are here. Tell themâ€" Joe was caught off in mid-sentence as the sound of a gun roared through the night.

"Rebels!" yelled a man, the fat one's comrade. Joe reached his arm out to Julius. There was blood, red blood all over Joe's arm. Julius stared intently at Joe.

"I'm not leaving you," Julius said. Joe began to open his mouth as another gunshot ripped through the night. Joe's head was blown offâ€"literally. It landed in the swamp water, now turned a murky red under the pale moonlight.

Julius reached for his wand as gunshots went in all directions around him. None hit him.

"Get over here, you stupid rebel!" called the fat man as he reloaded his gun. Julius kept silent, jumping through the water while he

fumbled for his wand.

No, he couldn't use his wand. He could not give away his secret. He wasn't going to stoop that low. If he was going to live with Muggles, he would have to act like them. Julius continued to run as the guns continued to fire, splashing water behind him. Julius turned left, heading in the direction of a group of cypress trees.

Julius paused behind the largest cypress tree. The fat man sat in the swamp water—it wasn't deep—while his companion slowly walked in Julius's direction. Julius was unarmed, only at Joe's insistence.

"Come out here, you Rebel scum," said the companion as Julius stood silently behind the large cypress. The Union soldier, a middleweight man wearing the Union army uniform, crept closer. The fat man got up.

"Danny, stop and let catch up with ya'," the fat man said. The companion, Danny, rolled his eyes. Julius slowly dropped into the water, his head the only part of his body above ground. Julius calmly began to creep away to his campsite.

"Cletus, come on!" Danny said as the fat man made his way through. The fat man eventually caught up seconds later.

"I see something, Danny. Something in the water," Cletus said, shoving his way ahead.

Julius began to move faster while staying as silent as he could. But he was not fast enough.

He would have to use magic.

Julius quickly took his wand from his sleeve and performed a shielding charm. He was safe from gunfire.

Julius replaced his wand back in his sleeve and jumped out the water. "There he is!" Cletus screamed as Julius began to run through the swamp. "Get your gun!"

—

Danny stopped and began to load. He was fast. Then Danny went back to chasing Julius.

—

"Where is he, Cletus?" Danny asked. Cletus looked around. He had excellent vision in the night.

"Over here, Danny," Cletus said, pointing him in Julius's direction. Julius stood still. "Wait. He stopped." Julius ducked into the water and began to wade off.

He was safe.

—

Julius walked into his home, opening the door to discover his mother

at the dinner table next to a stranger. The stranger had a wand in his hand and was wearing a beautiful black cloak.

"Don't move, kid; or your mother dies," the stranger said. Julius stared the stranger straight in the eye.

"What's your name?" asked Julius. The stranger still stared at him, silent.

"John Sousa," the man said. "Why? Got a problem with my name?" Julius suddenly realized how grave the situation was. If Julius had everything figured out, his mother's life—"if not the entire families'"—was on the line.

"Why are you about to kill my mother?" Julius asked John. John stared at Julius with a blank, evil face.

"She killed. Your father killed. Even you killed. Now the Ministry takes what is theirs and leaves what is not," John said.

"What?" Julius asked.

"You and your brother, you two stay. Your father, your mother, they leave. Never to return. To die," John said.

"No," said Julius's mother. "I didn't do it; I swear!"

"Do what?" Julius asked. "What is going on here?" John took Julius's mother's arm and squeezed it, pointing the wand at Julius. Julius's mouth fell down in shock.

"Dear God, please don't kill me.." Julius said. His mother's face began to tighten as she dripped with sweat.

Frederick walked into the room. He eyed Julius first, then John, then his mother. "Who are you?" Frederick asked the stranger.

"John. John Sousa," said John. Frederick inched closer.

"What are you doing here?" asked Frederick.

"Taking your parents away," John said. Frederick ran to John and began to punch him in the arm.

"What...do...you...really....want?!" Frederick said in between tears. He continued to beat John in the arm.

"Your parents are murderers! Look, eighteen years ago there was a killing spree in London. It was three months long, and fifteen people were killed. Your parents did it. You see, all these people had somehow contributed to your parents' money problems. One put a high interest rate on a loan; another never paid back a loan, just to give a few examples. Yes, your parents were very poor. They had been hiding for twenty years until now. Now, they're good as dead," John explained.

"No, Julie, they're lying!" said Julius's mother. Julius looked into his brother's eight year old eyes. There was a look of shock, hatred, and fear all at the same time.

"Who framed you, Mom?" Julius asked. He gripped his wand tightly. His mother stared him in the eye.

"Don't do it, Julie. I know what you want to do. Don't do it. You'll be just like them," Julius's mother said.

"Like who?" Frederick asked, now having stopped punching John.

"The Ministry." John moved his wand away from its former position and pointing it at Frederick.

"Oh, God, don't do that," Julius said. "Don't kill Frederick." Frederick began to cry and wail while staying as still as possible.

"Here's the deal: I take your parents, and you live in peace. In England. Wizard country. All would be safe. If you don't do it, I kill your little brother, your parents, and then you," John said. Julius thought for a moment. He could take the first deal, but it had just as disastrous consequences as the second.

"Julius, save yourself and Frederick! And run off!" said Julius's mother. Suddenly Julius's father appeared in the doorway, a rifle in his hand.

"Give me my family back, you slimy scum," he said as he aimed the rifle at John. "I presume you work for the Ministry, eh?" John nodded.

"Are you really going to kill me?" asked John. Julius's father nodded.

"You'll be the first I ever kill out of combat, coward," he said as he pulled the trigger. In almost one swift motion, John threw Frederick up and backed away. Frederick yelled as he was shot through the heart, blood squirting everywhere.

John aimed his wand at Julius's father and shot a death spell at him. A red beam of light hit the father's heart as it heart stopped beating. "No!" Julius yelled. Julius's mother jumped at the killer, who immediately performed the same on her. Julius then found himself surrounded by three dead bodies and a killer.

"You haven't done anything to save your family, Julie. Why?" asked John.

"I think you need to shut up and care about your own business," Julius responded.

"I'll let you leave, Julius. I'm gonna let you leave. Just never tell anybody about what happened here; or it'll be your throat. I'm serious," John said. Julius grabbed his wand. "Now don't get smart with me, boy," John said.

"Too late," Julius said. "The oppressed will have their revenge. And the Ministry...the Ministry will fall."

"You're hungry. Hungry for power. It's already corrupted you, boy," John said. "I've never seen it corrupt someone so fast."

"Either way, I'm going to get my revenge. As will all the other oppressed," Julius said. He stuck his wand under John's throat.

"Look, I'm just doing my job!" John yelled.

"And I'm just beginning mine," came the response from Julius. Julius backed away, and the lightning blazed out of the wand into John. John screamed in pain, his internal organs exploding and melting as his skin turned to ash.

Julius walked out the door. His journey had begun.

_Author's Note: Well, that's the first chapter. Tell me your opinion! Hopefully, you thought it was good; but it is your opinion. I spent a while coming up with ideas for this. At least it doesn't sugarcoat war like fics here or the book _Number the Stars_. Who do I have to thank? I'm going to thank everybody who loved _Colin Creevey Versus the Apocalypse_. Without your love of it, I might have never done this fic. Good night!_

2. Fear

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> The Rampage

The Rampage

Chapter 2: Fear

* * *

> <p>A thirty-five year old man woke up. He looked around his small cottage. There was his broomstick, his makeshift kitchen, a wooden chair, and many other objects. He was about thirty miles away from London.

Julius coughed and rose out of bed. He dressed quickly and then prepared breakfast: eggs. He simply took his wand, pointed it at an egg in a pan he had made, and the egg scrambled. It was this kind of ingenuity that he prided himself on.

Julius checked his watch. It was a little past seven. He had a meeting at nine with some very important people.

He rubbed his hand through his hair. Some of it fell to the ground in a graceful motion. Julius watched it with intrigue. Such a graceful thing...graceful things just appeared to be graceful on the outside. Just like him.

Julius left his cabin on his broomstick, heading for London. It would take him about an hour to reach there. He would have to work on the pathetic piece of wood.

An hour later, he reached London, and set down in Diagon Alley. Nobody stared at him as he walked out of the broomstick parking area. He could see Gringott's and the various other stores as he made his way to the Leaky Cauldron, a new pub. There were some new stores going up: a pet store, a bookstore, and the wand shop was moving into a new building. Julius was an hour early for his meeting, but he had

a feeling this pub might be pretty good. Or at least better than the last thing guarding Diagon Alley, a broomstick repair shop.

An hour later, a man walked into the Leaky Cauldron and took a seat across from Julius. "Hello, Mister Kaiser," the man said.

"Yes, hello Alex," Julius greeted. "Everything is in order for the big day?"

"Yes, of course. I've got your background ready and all...let's see now...you represent a charity that helps orphaned children get back on their feet. Clever disguise, Julius," Alex responded. Alex was an accountant at the Ministry, and he could arrange the funds Julius needed. It was close to fifty thousand galleons, but the Ministry had almost unlimited funding. He would have no problem getting what he needed.

"When do I get my fifty thousand? Will I receive more if needed?" Julius asked. Julius had been preparing for years for this day, gathering research and interviewing people that had experienced events similar to what Julius had experienced.

"Yes, I have gotten everything planned for any extra funding. You're very committed to this, my friend," Alex responded.

"When will I be able to pick it up?" Julius asked. Alex sighed.

"Julius, you must give me time. I've got to pass it through the Ministry's accounting offices. There's paperworkâ€"

"Look, I didn't come here to play games. I need the money now! Besides, I've been waiting too long for this moment. Don't make me kill you!" Julius said to Alex in a demanding tone. Alex began to breathe hard, eyes wide open and scared. He had never seen Julius so demanding before.

"Look," Alex said, "I'm doing the best I can. Just give me time!" Julius pulled out his wand and stuck it in Alex's face.

"I've already waited twenty years for this. I do not have time for time. I will kill you if you don't get the money by Friday. That gives you three days. If you don't do it, you're dead; and I get another person I know to do this. And if he fails, I'll go to the Ministry and steal it myself. Got that?" Julius asked to Alex. Alex nodded.

"I'll kill you in a way you've never imagined. I have thirty curses I've made in the last twenty years. I'll use them all on you if I have to, starting with a foot-shrinking curse and ending with a curse that will pop every vein in your body. Very painful ways to die, don't you agree?" Julius said with a smile.

"You're disgusting me," Alex replied. Julius replaced his wand back at his side.

"I can kill you in many other ways as well. Now, we'll leave it at this. I'll see you here on Friday, same time."

* * *

That Friday, Julius walked into the Leaky Cauldron thirty minutes early and took a seat. He was extremely tired, so he ordered some hot tea.

Alex rushed in the door thirty minutes. He carried with him a package, and he certainly looked to be the morning person.

"Got it right here, Julie," he said. Julius sighed.

"Why did you just call me that?" Julius asked.

"Sorry, Sir, I was just out of breath from all my working; and it's much easier to say," Alex explained. Julius nodded and picked up the package, looking at it.

"Well, I presume fifty thousand galleons are in here," he said as he shook the package.

"A hundred," Alex said quickly. Julius stopped shaking the package and stared at Alex dead in the eyes.

"A hundred?" Julius asked with a smile.

"A hundred thousand galleons, Sir. I was able to get it all easily done, with the new Charity Act and all," Alex responded.

"Well, that's the good, old-fashioned, Malfoy ingenuity, eh?" Julius asked. Alex nodded.

"What do I get in return?" Alex asked. Julius smiled.

"Follow me, chap," he said as he led Alex out the door and into Diagon Alley.

"We're going to apparate to my home outside London. Then I will explain everything, my plan and everything involved. I'm going to make you part of my inner circle, Alex," Julius said. Alex's eyes lit up.

"Really?" Alex asked.

"Everything will be explained there, Alex. Apparate!" The two apparated, a rather quick journey in which matter and mind combined to insert a person in a completely different spot. It was a sickening rush of light and stomach churning. Thankfully the ride did not last long.

"We're here," Julius said. He was taking a guilty pleasure in his plan. But, was that not what he was supposed to feel? There was a slight breeze in the air.

"Well, I take it we'll just go in?" Alex asked. Alex looked scared, while also excited at the same time. But there was no telling what was going on inside a Malfoy. Julius had done some research on this, and he knew that the family could not really be trusted.

"Yes, of course," Julius said, smiling. He led Alex into the house and then shut the door. "Now, Alex, I must thank you for the package. Please, sit down, have a seat." Alex took a seat in the one roomed

cabin. He was smiling, and Julius glared at him for a second before taking a seat across the cabin.

"Julius, you don't know what this means. It's so great to be working with you, after all you've got everything ready for your missâ€œ"

"Shut up, fool. I have no need for you. Do you really think I would want a lying, cheating, stealing, pathetic _Malfoy_ in my inner circle? For crying out loud, I would not trust a Malfoy even if it was a not-so-brave one like you. But you've done well, and I thank you," Julius said as Alex began to dart for the door. Suddenly, Alex almost froze in place as Julius walked toward him.

"Nice little charm I invented in case you tried to escape. Of course, I'm oblivious to it, as is the army I will have. It's not one of my thirty death curses, but it can do. Don't you think?" Alex was silent. He could not move his mouth. "God you're pathetic." Julius picked up Alex and sat him down in a chair. The curse was off, but Alex did not move.

"You dirty-crossing, lying, cheating, patheticâ€œ" Alex began, only to be cut off.

"Me? Pathetic? Gosh, you must be mistaken. I am Julius! I can kill you in a blink of your eye. Don't mess with me, you little imbecile!" Julius slapped Alex as Alex cringed in terror. His face was red from the sting.

"Don't kill me," Alex said, almost crying. "Please don't kill me..." Julius stared silently at Alex. Julius grabbed Alex's neck and began to twist it.

"Look at me. The first rule of this game is to leave no witnesses. And that means you," he said as Alex held on for life. Then Alex suddenly stopped and fell into the chair. His eyes were open with fear, and his face was turning blue. Julius picked the man up and put him outside, where Alex could rot. He could decompose with the rest of nature.

* * *

Two years later, a group of fifty thousand men, mainly underground criminals or people that had been cheated by the Ministry, were gathered somewhere underground in England. Julius Kaiser stood at the front of a stage, dressed in a black cloak with no hood. He was completely bald, having just recently lost his hair. He had no scar.

"Greetings, my friends. I have spent twenty years planning for this day! The day we stop remembering what we could have done and start avenging the deaths of our loved ones. The Ministry has gone too far with their evil ways...people think they are good, but these people are wrong. For we must take our revenge!" The crowd cheered. Julius smiled and glared at the crowd in a look that showed evil and revenge.

"But today we have a year of preparation left until our attack on the Warlock Convention. The convention is scheduled for June 5th. We must begin preparing!"

And thus the work began of the Oppressed, as the group was called. It had been founded years before...when Julius had moved to London. Julius's second-in-command was a man named Arthur Lyte, a former businessman whose business had been accused of being a monopoly by the Ministry. It had been broken up, and his brother ran the majority of it. And his inner circle was amazing...there were military strategists and former high-ranking Ministry employees, to name a few. It was truly a blessing.

But their greatest strength was easily the genius mind of Julius. Julius's spells were amazing, especially the ones he had recently conjured up. And he had figured out a way to teach the lightning spell to his troops without killing them in a backfire.

Julius walked out one day two weeks later to meet the newest and final recruits at boot camp. The recruits were leaping over walls, going through obstacle courses, and putting their bodies through physical torture. The evil man walked down the line of recruits doing pushups, each with a weight on their back. Julius stopped at one young, especially large recruit.

"Get up, boy!" he yelled at the recruit. The recruit somehow made it up. This recruit's face was tense, showing his signs of nervousness.

"I'm sorry, Sir, the weight was justâ€"

"Too much? Too much? Do you know what I've had too much of? I've had too much of lazy imbeciles like you sitting around! If we're gonna win, you've got to work! Does anybody here understand that?" The recruit cringed. Julius was actually two inches shorter than him, but his presence had a certain elegance and strength.

"Yes, Sir, I understand," said the recruit, holding his bravery. Julius stepped on the recruit's foot.

"Then get back to work! All of you!" The recruit went back to doing his pushups, and Julius moved on.

* * *

The day: June 4th, 1889. The place: Warlock Convention Building, London. The time: 10:00 PM. A group of about twenty people stepped out of the building, laughing and talking. They were the planners of the convention. The convention had two points: to bring wizards together for a week and to establish new rules and guidelines in magic, almost a congress. There were delegates that had been sent to represent their districts' bidding.

A group of fifty men stayed hidden behind the bushes of the walkway. They were dressed in black clothing, and each had a wand and a knife for hand-to-hand combat.

The twenty men continued on, unaware of what was to happen.

Suddenly, one of the fifty men realized some bug was about to bite him and moved to swat it.

One of the twenty men heard this.

"Stop," the man said as the other nineteen men stopped. "There's something in the bushes." The man moved to the bush in which he had heard the noise and peeked his head over it. The man saw a glimpse of silver before yelling in pain as the knife went through his cheek. Blood poured as he fell on the ground.

"Freeze!" another man from the bush yelled as he jumped over. "All of you, get back in the building!" It was Julius. Nineteen men, not including the one with the knife in his face stepped in. Julius did not follow.

Julius stepped up to this man on the ground and kneeled down to admire the pain. Julius smiled before stepping on the man's chest. Then the body. "No witnesses, no evidence," he said.

Back inside, Arthur was ordering all the hostages to line up against the wall.

"What do you want? Money? I can give you money, more moneyâ€" one hostage began to say.

"Money? You think I want money? I don't want any money! I just want the Ministry to fall! And tonight, you're all going to die!" Arthur said to the hostage. He kicked the hostage in the shin. "That's for stupidity!"

The hostage shut his mouth, but his face showed a burning mix of revenge and pain. Arthur eyed the man once more before walking away.

The large door opened as Julius walked in. He smiled for everyone and surveyed the hostages. "Good work, Arthur," he said as he took a seat in a chair. "Rip the place apart," Julius said.

The banners were ripped down and burned in a large bonfire behind the building. The leather was torn off chairs and thrown at the hostages, who were magically bonded to the wall, their wands broken. Every hostage had at least one part of their body with blood. One's face was almost torn apart.

The stage was another thing. The men took the stage and began to destroy it. The podium was thrown to the floor, the wood broken. Arthur and Julius smiled.

After the destruction was complete, all the army members cheered. "Hush!" Julius said. "We have a new group to deal with." He walked over the hostages. "Who shall I kill first?" he asked to the hostages, not expecting an answer. He walked down the line, sometimes slapping a hostage or grabbing their arms and shaking them. Finally, he stopped at a man with blood pouring down his neck.

"Do you want me to take you out of this pain?" he asked to the man. The man did not respond. "Tell me!" Still the man did not respond. Julius stuck his wand in the man's gut. "Tell me!"

There was no response. Julius undid the spell on the hostage, pulling the hostage out by the neck and throwing him on the floor. The hostage wiped blood off his face before getting up. Julius kicked the

hostage in the stomach, sending the hostage back. Then the hostage ran at Julius. Julius bent his knees and picked the hostage up, throwing him back. The hostage hit the wall and then the floor. Julius turned around, wiping his brow. He picked the hostage up by the shoulder and threw him into the wall.

"Don't mess with me," he said as he fumbled for his wand. Then he backed up and lightning poured out, turning the man to ash and the wall behind him to black. "That goes for all of you! Kill them!"

One by one, every person was murdered on the spot. Some were physically abused to death, others were killed by knives, some killed by magic. By the end, fifteen bodies were still recognizable, and the floor was drenched with blood, as was the air.

"We're gonna leave the bodies here...everything will stay. I want to give those coming tomorrow the shock of their life," Julius said. He walked around the room, surveying the destruction they had caused. He smiled. "Well done, men. Well done indeed. Now, we have an estimated five thousand coming here tomorrow. That's what the Ministry has published. This building can hold up to twelve thousand people; it's rather large. We have six thousand members of the Oppressed that are going to participate in tomorrow's activities. We'll all be using an invisibility spell. We'll stretch across the outside of the building; and an hour after the convention begins, we attack. If there is a convention. If everybody suddenly leaves, we kill them all. But the Ministry clean-up crew will be here in about thirty minutes, so...they may have a convention after all. Or they may move it...I don't know. Either way, let's get ready."

The Ministry clean-up crew arrived fifteen minutes early. They were five men, each with cleaning supplies. Julius watched patiently as the bodies were carried out and more men came. However, Julius dared not to look inside. Three hours later, the clean-up crew left; and Julius and Arthur walked into the building.

"My God," Arthur said, "they've cleaned the place up!" The stage was as good as new, the blood on the floors gone. The podium was perfectly in place. The decorations were up. Julius smiled.

"The Ministry's going to have tighter security tomorrow. We'll have a tougher time, even if the Ministry is rather stupid not to cancel the convention," Julius said.

"Do you think it's political?" asked Arthur.

"It's a very political decision, indeed. The Minister has more guts than I thought he did. But he'll be showing up tomorrow. We won't kill him. He'll be traumatized. Mentally traumatized."

* * *

Time: 10:00 AM. Julius and his men were spread out under the cover of invisibility around the convention building, waiting for Julius's cue to begin. The convention started in thirty minutes. Everyone was still, silent, and unseen, slightly paranoid. But they could only imagine what the Ministry would think of their unseen attackers.

At 10:50, the six thousand men moved silently toward the door. You could see the grass almost lowering and then moving up again. The

army waited for ten minutes.

"Go!" Julius yelled to his team, as other team leaders did the same. The invisibility spells immediately wore off as the army charged into the building. The security team began to try and ward off the efforts of the army, but they were useless as the army stabbed them and shot various spells and curses at them. The security team was no more.

The opening festivities had been interrupted right before the Minister had finished a twenty minute speech. "Minister, step this way," the Minister's personal bodyguards said to the Minister as the went to a secret exit the Oppressed did not know about. Julius saw this early and tailed them.

"Stop right there, Mister Quincy! Stop! For I am Julius, leader of the Oppressed!" Julius screamed, running through the confusion of the fight. The Oppressed was winning easily in hand-to-hand combat, but in a fight of magic they were not faring as well. About fifty members were dead, but the total was definitely less than the people attending the convention.

The Minister ran on, guided by his bodyguards, part of the Sirs. Julius knew the Sirs were easily a match for his army in close combat or magic, and he wasn't going to take the risk yet. He wasn't ready. And he couldn't apparate in the building; there were curses all around that would stop him.

Julius ran faster, trying to reach the Minister and his bodyguards. He pulled fighting men apart, trying to reach them.

And the Minister made it out. Julius jumped on the ground, cursing. He had missed his opportunity.

A civilian came running at him. Julius took at his knife and stabbed the civilian in the stomach. The civilian gasped. His lungs had been punctured. Julius took the knife out, and the civilian fell. Julius knelt down and wiped the blade on the civilian's shirt. The civilian was almost dead. His eyes were wide open with fear, terror, shock, horror. Julius cut the civilian's jugular vein, wiped the blade once more, and moved on. He passed Arthur, who was dodging the punches of a civilian, past the same fat soldier he had ridiculed a year before, who was kneeling a small man in the head.

It was a bloody thing indeed. Julius could see some of the Oppressed down and dead, as well as many of the civilians that had come to the convention. And he felt an urge to do something. He walked up to a civilian and threw him against a wall. "Hold still," Julius said, aiming his wand at the civilian's neck.

"No!" the man cried. "God, no! Don't kill me! Help! Don't kill!" Julius fired fire out of his wand, as the man burned to death, turning to ash that was now falling on the ground. Julius smiled.

When everything was all said and done, the Oppressed had seriously done it. They had easily beaten the Ministry. The number of deaths for the Oppressed was only sixty compared to the four thousand civilians and Ministry workers dead. Of course, the Oppressed had the great advantage of surprise. The Ministry had been doomed from the

beginning.

And yet, Julius did not feel guilty. He wanted more power, more blood, more honor, more of everything. His quest was not the quest for good it had been. Now it had mutated into this bizarre thing, this bizarre fight of blood, not ideals. The Oppressed just wanted more. They no longer cared about anything. They were mindless slaves to Julius. Julius did none of the things he believed he would when he was sixteen.

That night, Julius went to the headquarters of the Oppressed. It was a full moon outside, and it lit up the evening. Fitting, Julius thought as he opened the door to his room. He turned on the oil lantern and pulled out a long knife, admiring it.

"I need a symbol. Something to evoke fear when people see me so that know I am not just another person on the street," he said to himself. He took the knife and cut a long line in his forehead, then did a healing spell so that it would only leave a scar.

"I am Fear," he said. And he was right. For that night, the Ministry began to prepare for war; and Julius's name was known throughout the countryside. Fear had taken a living embodiment.

Author's Note: Well, that's Chapter 2! I personally think it's much better than Chapter 1; but I'm not saying Chapter 1 is bad, just slightly too cinematic. I'm quick cuts, low angles, medium shots...and you don't know the heck I'm thinking! You're just seeing this! And thanks to Flourish especially...she's really cool. And everyone that loved Colin Creevey Versus the Apocalypse, yeah I'm gonna say it again. And everyone who reads my stuff, you guys rule!

>
 And quick side note: anybody out here seen The Insider or Three Kings and love those two movies as much as I do? They're both really great movies. I put Three Kings as my favorite and The Insider as my second favorite. And any film made by the Coen Brothers, like Raising Arizona, Fargo, and The Hudsucker Proxy. Of course there are other great movies...and that's my rant.
>
 And, please review...please? It helps for an author to know what more than three people think of his story. (And I'm referring to the current total of reviews on July 4, 2000.)_

3. Prophecy

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> The Rampage

The Rampage

Chapter 3: Prophecy

* * *

> <p>It was a bright day at the Oppressed headquarters. The sun was shining brightly, and the overall morale of every person was much higher as it had been before. It was September 8th, 1890. Julius and the Oppressed had carefully attacked many targets throughout the world, almost like what a militia would do. But then again, there had been one land battle: the Battle of Dragon's Mouth in a secret place in France. It was where the Ministry's top

scientists where, making new potions and spells and curses. That was when the Ministry had learned the Oppressed had spell-making abilities.

The Oppressed had easily won the very bloody battle. But about three Ministry scientists had apparated away to another secret place. Julius's sources had no clue.

Julius sighed. They were easily winning this war of theirs, but he had to get to the scientists. These scientists posed a threat: they could come up with a way to counter the Oppressed's best weapon. Julius punched the air and began to take a nap.

As he drifted off into his dreams, Kevin Higgins, a member of the inner circle, interrupted the tired madman. Kevin was a mathematician fresh out of a high job at the Ministry. He was a bright young man with small glasses and a smile that brightened the day. Not one you would think was an important man in an organization like the Oppressed.

"Sir, the latest intelligence reports have come in," Kevin said. Julius woke up and straightened himself up, staring at Kevin.

"Yes," Julius said. "The latest intelligence reports. Been expecting them. Let me see." Kevin handed Julius the envelope. Julius skimmed through the reports. "You've looked at these, haven't you?" Kevin nodded.

"The Ministry's mobilizing somewhere in England. We believe that they think this is our next attack spot. As you can see, they're wrong, in the wrong country," Kevin explained. Julius nodded.

"Continue," he said.

"Well, our troops are ready to attack at the Ministry's Spanish headquarters. The Ministry has a few troops there, too; but that's only because of the riots that are breaking out in favor of us. We need to take advantage of this situation and rally supporters. It's our best chance to start overthrowing the Ministry.

"And then, there's Red Lake in Germany. It's near Saarbrücken, very close to the French border. Our intelligence believes Red Lake is some kind of military base or something; we're not sure. After all, Ministry headquarters is in Berlin. The Ministry has put extra guards there, so there must be something important. After our win there, we meet some of our troops in Spain and attack Paris, then head on to England. That's the current plan. Any questions?" Kevin asked Julius. Julius nodded.

"What if we lose?" Julius asked. He had been out of the military planning for the past few weeks working on some spells.

"Lose?" Kevin asked with a grave tone. "We don't plan to do that."

"But what if we do? You can't win a war without a backup plan. What's the backup?" Julius asked.

"We retreat back to our base in Munich," Kevin said. Julius took out the German map, comparing the locations of Saarbrücken and

Munich.

"That's across Germany," Julius responded. "It's a futile retreat." Kevin nodded.

"But it's the only retreat we have. We have that one base in France that's even further, and you can bet the Ministry will have apparation counter-curses throughout Germany and France. We'll have to retreat on horses or brooms. Personally, I believe broomsâ€œ"

"Yes," Julius said, "you and everyone else believe retreating on brooms is faster than on horses. But a broom is much more dangerous. You're up in the air; and if you fall because of a spell, you're dead: either the fall, the spell, or both will kill you. On the horse, you may survive the spell and fall off the horse. You'll be injured but alive. Do you understand my point?" Kevin nodded.

"Still, we'll have to retreat to Saarbrucken. It's our only chance if we lose," Kevin said.

"Fine then," Julius said. "Ready the troops for Germany. Apparation counter-spells specifically for us are around the world. We're gonna have to go their the old-fashioned way," Julius said.

"And what ways would those be?" Kevin asked.

"Walking or riding a horse," Julius said.

* * *

Two weeks later, Julius's army was ready for the walk to Germany. It would take them months at a normal pace, but the Oppressed had a few tricks ready.

First, a speed spell was used. The army would be in Munich in two weeks at the pace they were at.

Second, they were ready for battle. They carried knives, Muggle rifles, ammunition, two wands each, and a knowledge of magic.

The army sped out of England and took the most direct route to their secret base outside Munich. It was a fast walk there, but they knew they had a long road to victory. There had been a lot of preparation at Munich for the winter ahead: rations, clothing, shoes, equipment, animals, and much more. The Oppressed was definitely ready for the winter and the battles ahead.

They made it in a month. They had made it rather quickly, taking the most direct route they could; but Julius was impressed. There had been rain, hail, and snow all in their trip. But the Oppressed never gave up.

Julius was the last to step inside the main building. It was a small, militaristic building with shady lighting against walls white as snow. It was an eerie effect. Julius's face was shadowed, not only by the hood of his cloak, but by the lightingâ€œor lack of it.

The Oppressed stood in rows, obedient as always. Julius had not used

a single ounce of magic on these men. Everyone of them had joined either out of fear or their own free will. _Those who join out of fear are pathetic creatures that do not deserve a spot in this army, for they are fighting out of fear and not truly for what they believe. But they have joined, and their only way out is by death._ Julius walked to the end of the hallway, his thoughts controlling his every action.

"Men, you may prepare your quarters. Dinner will be served at six, so you have the next four hours off. Dismissed," Julius said in a tired tone. He left the army, which was scattering away to their various bunk assignments. Julius walked to his private chambers, only to discover Arthur Lyte on the ground in front of his door, dead.

"God," Julius said as he moved Arthur Lyte's body away from the door. "Who did this?" He opened the door, only to discover Kevin Higgins being held very close to a wand, which was being held next to Kevin's head by a man in a soldier's gray cloaks. His face was oddly familiar...who was it?

"Look familiar?" said the man. "Does my stupid face look familiar to you, dolt?" Julius armed his wand as the man began to spat curse words at him. Then it all came back to him.

"Put the wand down right now, John Sousa," Julius said. John did not move his wand at all.

"What? Going to do one of those curses you invented? Sure, start at my feet, make them grow smaller!" the reincarnated John Sousa said.

"Wait, I killed John Sousa, turned him to ash. Who are you?" Julius asked to the man.

"I am the one man you certainly never wanted to meet. I am John Sousa's brother" the man began.

"Then you deserve to die, all of you stupid Sou" the man began.

"But my last name is not Sousa. You see, John" or Marvelo as I knew him" worked for the Sirs. I do not think you realize how dangerous" the man began.

Julius cut the man off with a silencing spell. The man could not speak as Julius lifted him up in the air. "_Accio, rifle_" Julius screamed as Sousa's brother yelled in mid-air. Julius seized the rifle and magically inserted a bullet into it.

"You're going to die," Julius told the brother as he began to aim. "You're going to die like my brother, who was killed by my father because of _your_ brother, scum bag," Julius said as he fired the rifle. The brother was hit in the chest, exactly where Frederick was hit.

Kevin Higgins stood in shock. His mouth was open, and he fainted. Julius smiled, knowing it was the closest thing he would get to a personal revenge against John Sousa ever.

"Oh my God," said Kevin as he got up. He was clutching the back of

his head. Julius set the rifle down. The brother of John Sousa's body was still in the air. Kevin brought him down with a quick spell.

"Go get that mended," Julius said. "I may actually send you out fighting, Kevin. We're going to need all the men we can get."

"Sir, I'm not that adept at fighting. I may be helping you in this, but I'm not a fighter. I'm scared of it," Kevin said. Julius smiled.

"Kevin, we're all scared of things. The secret is to do the thing you're scared of first, then worry about," Julius said.

"That doesn't make any sense, Sir," Kevin replied, frowning.

"Not many things do," Julius said.

* * *

Red Lake was a one week walk under the speed spell and the current weather conditions: sunny and mild. It was almost as if the weather wanted the Oppressed to make it to Red Lake faster. They had left October 3rd, 1891.

And they believed reached it. There was no actual lake. "Christopher!" Julius called to his newly appointed second-in-command. Christopher walked up to Julius. He was a plump, short man with a magic eye. Christopher had been equipped with it before the Oppressed had left for Germany.

"Yes, Julius?" he asked. Julius's face was masked by the hood of his cloak. But his scar seemed to almost illuminate. It was an eerie effect.

"Where's Red Lake? Check the ground; see if it's underground," Julius ordered Christopher. Christopher's magic eye moved all around, surveying the ground, the sky, and the barren landscape ahead. It was almost a desert.

"Sir, I've found it!" Christopher said as he pointed east. "You can't see it at all, but it's thereâ€"I promise you."

"Since we're already invisible, we'll set up camp here. We shall attack in the morning," Julius said with a smile on his face. "By the way, the weather forecast says snow. Prepare for a snow battle. I will have everything ready with the weather. Dismissed."

The troops disbanded, their sounds covered by a silencing spell. The tents were set up magically. Then the troops slept. It was 5:00 PM.

And the troops were woken that morning by Julius, every tent. Julius greeted every member with a smile, yet a hard, cold smile reminding the troops of the pain he had been through. The pain that had caused him to drive these men to Red Lake.

It was 4:00 AM when all the troops were assembled. There was snow on the ground. The troops, invisible to the outside world and in the thousands, were dressed in battle clothes perfectly prepared for the weather: thick parkas with spell protection fur, insulated pants,

snow boots with flying capabilities, and weapons. Guns, knives, wands, clubs; the group was prepared. It was almost as if a drunken man had equipped them with weapons. It almost guaranteed Red Lake a victory for the Oppressed.

"Men, you are about to bring down what is probably the most secret thing the Ministry has. I'm talking about Red Lake, the buildings you cannot see. This battle will either guarantee our victory in this war or send us to the losing end. We must win. Our Spanish troops are headed this way; they will help us with our march to London, to take down the Ministry. We have Spain under our control.

"Prepare for victory," Julius said, ending his speech. The troops cheered. They made their way out of the campsite, out of invisibility, and into the world, in clear sight of the Ministry at Red Lake. Intimidation is an ally, Julius thought as the army made its way to Red Lake.

"Julius, it's right over there!" Christopher exclaimed. "There are guards outside, only brandishing wands. Should we attack?" There was no answer; Julius was deep in thought, trying to concentrate.

"Yes," Julius said. "Prepare to fight!" The soldiers ran to seemingly nowhere, until they fell through a barrier, stunned. There was a Ministry soldier, wearing an emerald cloak standing in front of the group.

Behind them was a large set of buildings, being used by the Ministry for spell research. This was unknown to the Oppressed. The man standing ahead of the group in the emerald cloak stared at Julius, then at Kevin.

Julius fumbled for his wand, eventually pulling it out of his inner cloak pocket. He began to spew lightning out of his wand.

But it did not affect this man in the emerald cloak. As a matter of fact, the lightning never touched this man at all. It rebounded off the man and hit a group of the Oppressed. Julius jumped up, his face in shock and awe.

"How did you do that?" he asked the man, who did not respond. The mysterious man ran. Julius followed.

"Attack, men! Take over the buildings! Kill everyone here! They can stop our spells!" Julius yelled as he pursued the mysterious man. The army dispersed, scrambling to the buildings. The Ministry army stepped out of the buildings before the Oppressed could reach them. It was as if a solid line of gold had appeared and stretched as far as the eye could see.

Julius ran past this crowd, to a small hut. He had to catch up to the man that had just stopped a previously unstoppable spell.

Julius paused at the small wooden hut and opened the door. There was this man, in the emerald cloak. In the background, Julius could hear the screams of soldiers, the sounds of pain and victory. He could hear rifles go off; he could almost see the events behind him, behind the closed door that separated him and the man from the outside world.

"Who are you? How did you do that?" Julius asked the man, who smiled.

"I'm Clark Fudge. And you're Julius, I presume?" asked the man in the cloak. Julius nodded.

"How did you do that?"

"Do what, Julius?" asked Clark.

"Stop my spell."

"I'm not gonna tell you," Clark responded. Julius raised his wand, pointing it at Clark. The death curse Julius had invented, in which every vein in your body popped, flew at Clark.

Clark quickly drew his wand up, and there was a green light around him as the curse was deflected. The red light of the curse bounced unevenly off him, and it hit the wall.

"Since you can kill me; and I cannot kill you, let's go hand-to-hand," Julius said. Clark frowned.

"Why not duel it out?" he asked. "With wands?" Julius shook his head and sighed.

"You have the advantage! You can block everything I throw at you! I cannot! Throw yourâ€"

"And you are a cold-blooded murderer! You expect me to be fair on you after you have attacked the world? After you're army's taken over Spainâ€"well, not anymore; they've been defeatedâ€"but I'm not about to give the worst killer in history a fair chance! Got that?" But it was too late. As Clark had talked, Julius had shot his death curse at him. Clark experienced utter pain, and his wand dropped to the ground. The last thing he saw was Julius cracking it in half.

Julius stepped out of the hut, satisfied, and immediately destroyed it with some lightning from his wand. He ran away from the frayed building, getting closer to the bloody line of fire ahead.

He could see Kevin Higgins on the ground, one eye with an arrow in it. The arrow of death, Julius thought, remembering the deadly curse he had stumbled upon years ago.

Julius saw many other army members on the ground, or sometimes, parts of them. There were body parts scattered all over the bloody battlefield. The ground had a slight hint of red.

"Look out, Sir!" screamed a man as an arrow went speeding by. Julius hit the ground, only to see the arrow hit the man that had warned him. The Ministry is clearly winning.

Julius put up a three-minute defense shield, which deflected most minor curses. The line of goldâ€"the Ministryâ€"began to advance upon the Oppressed. Julius loaded his rifle with a bullet and stood. The shield was weakening.

He fired the rifle at a member of the Ministry army, who immediately fell. That's one dead. Julius reloaded again and fired, missing. He

cursed to himself.

The line of gold drew closer, approaching the Oppressed. The line of gold was easily ten thousand men. The Oppressed was down to two thousand. _It's as if the Ministry suddenly became superhuman_, Julius observed. _We've been fighting for only an hour, and I'm losing so badly. But if there are no Spanish reinforcements, we're dead._

--

The Oppressed had to retreat. Julius's mind wandered off, wondering how he could stop the Ministry army from killing his army off. _Are the apparation nets still up?_ Julius knew all that would happen would be nothing, so he tried, headed for the campsite.

He found himself with the same sickening rush he was used to, and he was at the campsite. _This won't last long_, Julius thought. _The net will come back. We have to retreat now._ He sent a message out to his army, which would become etched in the parka: "Leave. Apparate away to Munich. Now." He could only hope the Ministry hadn't blocked magical communications.

He apparated away to Munich.

* * *

Seconds later, after the sickening ride apparation caused, Julius found himself with about 1,500 of his soldiers at his Munich base. He was ready to cry. They had lost the war. It was futile. Julius knew it. His army seemed to know it.

The mood was definitely a dark one as the time went by. Nobody left the base, but some killed themselves in painful suicides. Julius did not talk to his soldiers much. No one had grown farther apart; they just realized how much time they had, which was not much.

The deadly day was February 10th, 1892. The army had prepared a little for this day, but they know they did not have a chance.

The Ministry army appeared across the horizon in a circle around the buildings at the break of dawn.

"Men," Julius said, his voice conveyed magically across the buildings, "they are coming. We must fight to the death, fight with honor. We are all that is left. I may not join you in the fight. As you may know, I have prepared a secret home somewhere in the world for me to live in peace and prepare for my revenge. You may not think of me as particularly honorable, but I must do this. You would do this, too, if you were me. For I have the power to come back. For almost thirty years, I have searched for the answer to immortality. I believe I have found it. So, if this is our last goodbye, I tell you this: when I come back, it will mark the end of the world. The end of the sickness that we tolerate. The end of life, all life itself. The apocalypse," Julius said, finishing his speech.

There was no applause. Only gloom. The world for these men was dark as the Oppressed marched out, now only voluntarily. Their leader had bowed out, a sign of his fear for his life. But what if he had been telling the truth?

But the Oppressed was easily defeated. There was almost no fighting; many army members simply walked out with their hands behind their backs. Julius watched the battleâ€"if you could call it thatâ€"from the background, under the cover of invisibility. He felt shamed, yet he had a strange satisfaction. This was over. He could start over.

But he would have to wait. He did not know when, but he would have to wait until his damage had been cleared. He had to wait until his name was just a name in the history books. He had a feeling he would not be forgotten.

And with that, he set off to his new home...

* * *

Some time later, a twelve year old Hogwarts student named Tom Riddle was wandering through the school library, trying to find something to read. He was especially interested in history. That was the sort of thing his teachers liked. They liked him reading extra things out of the classroom.

He eventually found an interesting book: The Rise and Fall of Julius: An In-Depth Analysis. He remembered Professor Binns discussing Julius, the evil mastermind of the Great Wizard War, in class. It had been one of the most interesting lessons he had been in.

And so Tom Riddle checked the book out of the library. It would forever change his life.

And the rest of the world's...

* * *

Many years after he had lost his war, almost a hundred, Julius walked out of his home. He was old, but it did not look like he had aged a bit. He had done much research, and he had decided on the best place to launch his apocalyptic attack: the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

He was ready. Ready to defeat all in his way.

He just had one problem in his way. Something that he had not anticipated and would have never anticipated...

Author's Note: And that's the end! Well, it can't be the end, because that would be the end of Julius's entire life. Actually you need to read Colin Creevey Versus the Apocalypse next. It's the next in this universe chronologically...then there's Election after it. This story had like no humor in it at all; isn't that scary? I promise I will go full humor for my next fic. I promise. I promise. Read me? I promise! This was a great story to write, and it took a lot of patience with myself to write it like I did. There was no cool twist at the end, but I plan to have some cool twist to some fic down the road...and that's it for my ramble. And that's it for The Rampage. Goodbye until my next weird story...which you'll hopefully love._

End
file.